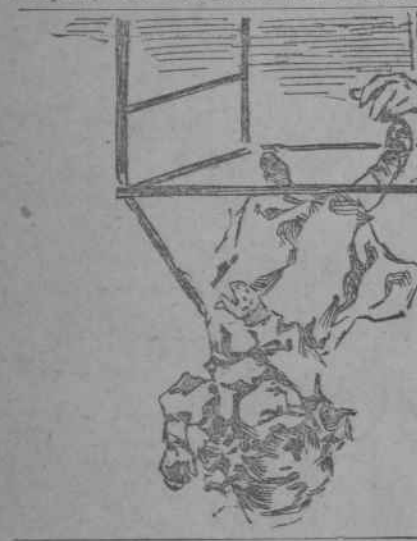


LARGE PARTS THAT BABIES PLAYED IN THE DRAMA OR COMEDY OF A DAY.

BABIES WHO FELL.

A Brave Boy Jumped After His Brother and Their Mother After Them.

The Liebensteins had a sufficiently exciting time yesterday. First, baby Herbert dropped through the fire escape. Then his fourteen-year-old brother, Victor, jumped after him. Seeing both her children disappear, their mother, frantic, tore herself from her husband, who tried to restrain her, leaped on the fire escape and sprang after Victor and Herbert. Fortunately, none was seriously hurt. Mother and baby were taken to the Presbyterian Hospital, Mrs. Liebenstein with a broken leg, Herbert with scalp wounds and abrasions.



The mother tried to take his place. To add to her burdens the children were attacked by scarlet fever, and then measles. A fortnight ago Mrs. Kohle lost her employment. Yesterday she walked from her home to Grand street to answer an advertisement for a seamstress.

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THROUGH A FIRE-ESCAPE.

First Baby Herbert Liebenstein fell, then his little brother, Victor, jumped after him. The mother jumped after both. The children were unhurt. The mother wrenched her ankle. The fire-escape was on the first floor.

Returning disappointed, hopeless, hungry, her little son met her at One Hundred and Seventeenth street and Second avenue, crying:

"Oh, mamma, Nettie fell from a window and is dead!"

Nettie is five years old. She was playing on the fire-escape at the third floor, fell into the yard, broke her leg and severely bruised her body. Her mother shrieked and fainted when the boy told her of the fall of her misfortune. While she lay senseless an ambulance took Nettie to the Harlem Hospital.

Recovering, Mrs. Kohle hastened to the hospital. She could hear her daughter's cries of pain; her leg was being set. Mrs. Kohle tried to enter the hospital, but her own sake, the surgeons restrained her. She fainted again. When she revived she was assured that Nettie would recover, and she went home lamenting her sorrow.

One, Two, Three-Out.

Richard Turner was a sprightly child, two years old. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Turner, live on Macdonald street, West New York. Twice yesterday the playful and active boy climbed up to a window on the third floor, and twice he fell. He landed on his feet almost on top of the baby. And as Victor disappeared his mother and father ran to the window at the fire-escape. She was almost crazy. She leaped on the window sill, but her husband dragged her back. Again she clambered on the sill and again she was pulled back.

"For God's sake, don't!" Liebenstein cried. But she thrust him away so violently that he fell on his back, and in a flash she was on the fire-escape and had jumped. Victor, unhurt, saw her coming, and grabbed up his little brother. The woman struck on her side and twisted her leg so that she broke it and wrenched her arm.

When Liebenstein reached the sidewalk-way of the stairs—Victor held the crying baby in his arms and their mother lay shrieking with pain. An ambulance was called from the Presbyterian Hospital. The mother will be in bed for a month, but Herbert will be all right in a day or two.

The Kohles' Bad Luck.

So, after all, it was a lucky day for the

DROWNED IN A TUB.

His Mother Was Absent, and Baby Francisco Fell Into a Foot of Water.

Baby Francisco Enrico was drowned in his bathtub, yesterday morning, at No. 349 East One Hundred and Fourteenth street. He was but eighteen months old and could scarcely toddle. There was not a foot of water in the tub in which the Enrico children are washed sometimes; sometimes the household dishes and pans. But there was enough water to drown poor little Enrico.

His mother, Maria, filled the tub so that the boy could take a bath. She was anxiously expecting a letter from her husband, Antonio, who had gone out of town



Baby Francisco Enrico Drowned in a Bathtub.

A postman's whistle called the mother and her two other children downstairs. They were expecting a letter from the father. The tub had just been filled for the children to take baths. They were gone only a few minutes, but when they returned the baby was dead.

in search of work. The postman's whistle sounded. Mrs. Enrico and her two young daughters joyously ran down stairs.

When they returned, Francisco had disappeared. The woman and the girls aroused the neighborhood with their screams. Louisa Enrico, Francisco's aunt, ran in. She found him, face down, motionless, in the tub which was hidden in a corner between the store and a box. Dr. J. B. Hays, of No. 300 East One Hundred and Fourteenth street, was called, but the baby was dead. His mother would not believe he must die, and vainly applied all sorts of restoratives.

Sympathetic neighbors thronged the two small rooms yesterday afternoon. Francisco lay pale and still, on a snow white pier. In his hands were a few white roses. The room was darkened with draped with sheets and two large candlesticks cast a weird light over the scene. Mrs. Enrico sat at the child's head moaning. She could not believe he was dead and would not leave the body. "Francisco might wake and find me gone," she said in her grief.

Mrs. Enrico does not know where her husband is. So she cannot summon him to the funeral.

FOUR YOUNGSTERS ASTRAY.

Two Boys Who Wont Understand Anything, and Two Active Girls.

Here are two boys who can speak English, but who pretend not to understand it.

erty and Nellie Keenan, yesterday escaped from St. Joseph's Home, Willoughby and Summer avenue, Brooklyn. They waited until recess, when they climbed over a high fence and ran away. It was half an hour before they were missed. The police are looking for them.

THE CHILD-BEATER FINED.

Wilson, Whom the Little Ones Feared, Arraigned in Court.

John H. Wilson, janitor of the tenement at No. 222 West Sixty-seventh street, was a prisoner in the Yorkville Police Court yesterday. The Journal told of Wilson's arrest and how a crowd of angry women and excited children followed him to the station house, throwing sticks and stones at him and crying:

"Pelt the child beater! Hit him! Let him have it!"

Mamie McGloin, whom Wilson struck with a club, Mrs. McGloin, Mrs. Jessie Smith and other tenants in the house were all in court to press the charge of assault against Wilson. They said he had beaten their children, too. He insisted that Mamie hurt herself by falling against a railing while she was fighting with his son. Magistrate Hedges ordered a complaint of disorderly conduct to be made against Wilson and fined him \$5, which he paid.

my husband, Edward A. Noblett. He's a broker in New York. He is bound to have the baby, but he shall not while I'm alive. Oh, my sweet baby—I'm going to faint—Oh, my precious little angel! Oh, if I had my husband here, this minute, I'd show him! Oh!"

"Let us go and examine the premises," said the detective to the policeman. "There," exclaimed the anguished mother, when they reached her bedroom. "There he is, on that bed, sleeping like a cherub. Oh, my baby! Oh, my darling! When I came back he was gone—stolen, kidnapped!" And Mrs. Noblett sank on a lounge and wept.

"Good-bye, Oo-oo-oo-oo-oo," sounded just then, under the bed. Mrs. Noblett jumped up, ran to the bed and pulled it from the wall. There lay her baby, that in its sleep had fallen between the bed and the wall. She joyously seized it and pressed it to her bosom, talking in motherly tones.

"Oh, so darling, little baby. Did oo hide from oo mamma. Oo naughty baby!"—and so on.

Then Mrs. Noblett remembered she should thank the detective and policeman, and turned toward them. But they had gone.

Mrs. Noblett is separated from her husband, E. Arden Noblett, of this city, who was theatrical hawker of the unlucky Hawaiian opera, "Capt. Cook," at Madison Square Garden. He drove to the house in Paterson in the morning and demanded the baby. Mrs. Noblett would not let him in. When the baby disappeared she jumped to the conclusion that her husband had stolen it.

"BABY'S STOLEN!"

"Kidnapped!" Cried Mrs. Noblett, but the Babe Was Only Napping.

Mrs. Bertha Noblett ran from her house into the street at Paterson, last night. "My baby's been stolen," she yelled at the top of her voice. "He's been kidnapped!"

Paterson is easily excited. A policeman came running up, a detective promptly arrived, a big crowd gathered around the house, No. 13 Bridge street.

"Whom do you suspect, madam?" asked the detective, promptly searching for clues.

"Suspect!" shrieked Mrs. Noblett. "I know who stole my darling child. It was

himself!"

Thus from the lips of a child was told the last scene in the life of her mother. Sophie Grube was twenty-three years old, pretty, wayward. She lived with James Peacock, a young stenographer, at No. 208 East One Hundred and Eighty-fifth street, and they were known there as Mr. and Mrs. White.

These two went out on Wednesday night, leaving a nurse to look after the baby. They went to a music hall and a restaurant in Harlem and, at midnight, Peacock insisted it was time to go home.

Peacock would not permit it. She grew angry, left him, hurried to their rooms and drank carbolc acid. The physicians who were called could not save her and she soon died.

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KISSED HER CHILD GOOD-BY.

The Little One Tells of the Last Scene in Her Mother's Life.

"Mamma put her arms around me and squeezed me hard," said Ollie Grube, yesterday. "She cried and kissed me and said, 'Good-bye Ollie!' I said, 'Why, it's dark, mamma. Are you going out?' Then mamma went to the closet and took out a bottle. Then she opened the window and yelled. She fell down on the floor and I called to her, 'Mamma, Mamma,' but she did not answer."

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"Whom do you suspect, madam?" asked the detective, promptly searching for clues.

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